

The Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA. SEPTEMBER 13, 1879.

Tak prompt withdrawal of ex-Governor Hoffman from the Tammany society for the purpose of supporting Governor Robinson is a straw which shows how the wind is blowing. The Boss will soon be but a corporal.

The virtual termination of the Fall River strike is good news at least to those who have cotton to sell. The striking spinners were very determined, but prices and the condition of New England manufacturing were against them, and they had to succumb.

MEMPHIS does not like the rule of the state board of health, which forbids the ginning of cotton in that city during the existence of the epidemic; but the only way she can hope to be free of such rules in the future is by radically changing her sanitary conditions. The hardship of commercial non-intercourse is a very proper penalty of sanitary neglect. Self-preserving Memphians should remember, it is still the first law of nature.

MASSACHUSETTS politics will soon distract the country again. Next Tuesday, the republican convention will meet to formally put ex-Congressman Pierce on the track for governor; on the following day a nondescript convention will meet to enter Ben Butler for the same race, and soon afterwards the regular democratic convention will nominate a third ticket. Unless the widow astonishes us, the chances are of course in favor of the election of the republican nominee.

The California election leaves, after analysis, only success in general politics to the republicans. The substantial results are against them. The workingmen control the city and county government of San Francisco, the center of the state, in nearly all important respects. The justices of the supreme court are democrats, and the railroads of the state will be under the direction of a board that consists of two workingmen and one republican. The republicans have in short gained nothing that will assist them in carrying the state next year. The vote of next year is therefore in no way foretold in the plurielities of this year.

The excursion of Carolinas' merchants is considered a very successful experiment, commercially speaking. There is not a dissenting opinion on this point. It has widened the trade and fame of the city; and yet we buy little or nothing of the Carolina merchants. The case is very different as to east Tennessee, which finds its best market in Atlanta. We have extensive trade relations with that section, but they are of a jug-handle nature. We buy their surplus products; why should we not sell them goods in return? They are as near to us as the merchants of the Carolinas. In other words, why should not an excursion of east Tennessee merchants, of both town and cross-roads, be arranged forthwith? Let us have a committee on this subject.

The Vote of New York.

We present a table of the vote of New York for the past ten years:

1866	Rep.	480,300
1867	Dem.	330,097
1868	Rep.	301,423
1869	Dem.	209,860
1870	Rep.	150,187
1871	Dem.	267,287
1872	Rep.	267,223
1873	Dem.	140,743
1874	Rep.	161,461
1875	Dem.	200,211
1876	Rep.	175,401
1877	Dem.	188,531
1878	Rep.	187,373
1879	Dem.	186,451
1880	Rep.	391,112
1881	Dem.	270,141

In only three of the ten years did the republicans carry the state. In 1871, the corruptions of Tweed and Tammany culminated in an explosion that blew both out of all power or influence, and in the confusion the republicans scored a victory. In 1872, enough democrats bolted the nomination of Horace Greeley by staying away from the polls, to let the republicans again carry the state. Last year greenbackism gave the republicans a plurality by reducing the democratic vote to very low figures. The vote of 1876, when Governor Robinson was elected and Mr. Tilden was a candidate for president, is beyond all question the fairest and truest test of party strength that the state has lately known. The state is really democratic. "We are in a "natural majority in the state," says the Utica Herald. The greenback diversion and anti-Tammany coolness of last year are no longer rolled on; nothing offers the Cornell party much hope except John Kelly and his burlesque Indian club. A very poor reliance surely. Even if Kelly remains in the field, he can not take away any considerable number of democrats from the only ticket that is democratic either in regularity of nomination or nature of popular support; for every vote thus taken directly and intentionally promotes the success of the republican party. To please Mr. John Kelly the democrats of New York city certainly are not ready to become assistant republicans of the Grant-Conkling stripe. Governor Robinson's personal strength will be felt in opposition to any such course, and the rest of the ticks would alone render any such folly impossible. Mr. Potter, who was freely mentioned for governor, is well known and highly respected in the city; Mr. Beach is generally well known and regarded on the farms and in the workshops of the interior of the state; Mr. Oglethorpe ahead of his ticket in 1876, and the other two nominees are now acceptably filling the places for which they have been re-nominated. When the Kelly flurry has subsided it will be seen that the democrats will have acted courageously and wisely. To the work of reconstruction must, however, be added activity and aggressiveness in order to secure a continuance of the reform administration and the achievement of a victory that will make the democracy invincible next year.

The Last of the Carpet-Baggers.

It is early for the political refugee to be up and doing, but it is a fact that he has put in an appearance. His name is Toussaint—the Hon. Albion W. Toussaint, late of North Carolina. Some of the papers, in the hurry of presenting his story to the public have alluded to him as the Hon. Albion Toussaint, but we have the word of the accomplished gentleman who edits the Silurian Bugs for the New York Tribune that his name is Albion—though why he shouldn't smell as sweet as another name is more than we can say. Toussaint is an exodus—a refugee—an escaped patriot—and although he is a little ahead of time, he has a story to tell. It is a very amusing story, withal, and is told by the editor of the Tribune with such an air of circumstance and precision as to convince the reader that either he is, in the writing, or Toussaint in the telling, was in his happiest vein. For, contrary to expectation, the story is not a drollish one. It is not a tale of dire persecutions which culminate in the flight

of the persecuted. To be sure, the affair appears in the Tribune under the usual heading of "Persecutions in the South," but this is probably the work of a humbug sub-editor who failed to read the report attentively. It is just possible that Toussaint saved editors and reporters all trouble in the matter by writing out his experience and giving it the shape of an interview; for Toussaint appears to be a very slim one—too slim to parade in front of a hippodrome.

It is not so bad in Maine as the first dispatches led us to expect. Mr. Blaine's victory appears to be a very slim one—too slim to parade in front of a hippodrome, and as such his story possesses a certain interest and conveys a most instructive moral. Toussaint was not compelled to flee for his life, nor can he be considered a political martyr. He informed his neighbors and acquaintances that he couldn't tolerate their views and opinions, packed his trunk, purchased his ticket in broad daylight, and traveled forth with all the eclat—so to speak—of a hippodrome; traveled straight, but by easy stages, to the tall tower of the Tribune, where, surrounded by the editor and his gay Silurian Bugs, he told his half-melancholy, half-humorous story. Clearly this was the proper thing for a sentimental refugee to do, and it gives us pleasure to feel that Toussaint is relieved.

Fourteen years ago Toussaint went to North Carolina, determined to cast his lot with that oppressed people and grow up if possible with the turpentine distillers. He immigrated, and now, for some reason not clearly stated in his story, has emigrated. It may be well to state just here that Toussaint is an Ohio man, and this is a suspicious fact in any man's history. Ohio men want office, and if they can't get it in one place they will hunt for it in another. They will immigrate and emigrate to get it. They will forsake their native shores in search of it. Look at Conkling; he went to the Sandwich Islands and back. Look at Mr. Hayes and the amiable Rogers, keeper of the privy seal; they wanted office so bad that they took it whether or no. It is always the way. Wherever you see an Ohio man, there he abhors a patriot born with the idea that our glorious republic was founded for the purpose of providing him with a warm place, where the salary is large and the work can be trusted to a clerk. Therefore, when the announcement is made that the Hon. Albion Toussaint is an Ohio man, we know right where he fled to; we know the nature of the disease that afflicted him. The fact that he was an abolitionist and an officer in the union army is a mere incident and has no special bearing upon his story. Being an Ohio man, his first thought was for office, and he pitched upon North Carolina as the field wherein his talents could be displayed to the best advantage. To that state therefore he wended his way, and there he has lived for fourteen years. He confesses he has never been hounded, or persecuted, or put in peril of his life, or threatened, or outraged, or maltreated. He prayed his political prayers and sung his hymns to republican tunes whenever and wherever the spirit of Satan moved him, and no one has disturbed him in his devotions. He was even made a judge of the superior court—by whom means can one easily imagine—and practiced law in Raleigh. But all to no purpose. After an experience of fourteen years, he suddenly finds that he cannot afford to remain longer a citizen of North Carolina. After a careful reading of the Hon. Albion Toussaint's remarks, we are rather surprised to find the editor of the Tribune giving them the indorsement of his columns. A new wrinkle in the shirt-sleeve of a Silurian Bug, the editor would have discovered immediately, but he does not appear to know that he has been imposed upon by the Hon. Albion Toussaint. Toussaint's whole complaint is that the people of North Carolina would not be converted to his theories of government. He has labored with some of them for fourteen years, and they are still denebrites; while others would not even listen to his arguments. The fact that he is an Ohio man is not Toussaint's only misfortune: he is an Ohio man with a mission. He went to North Carolina to take advantage of ignorant negro voters, to be sure, but in addition to this he wanted to convert the democrats of North Carolina to republicanism, and the perverse people wouldn't be converted. Naturally the feelings of the Hon. Albion Toussaint are hurt. It is a mighty rough experience for a missionary to find himself balked in this manner, for it must be remembered that these North Carolinians not only contained in their democratic ways, but they obstinately refused to make a political martyr out of him. Stephenson's ministry is a crowning achievement of the democratic party. It is morally certain that Stephenson, in the entire list of the democratic party north and south, is the only man who would be interested in the governed by republicans from Washington, instead of peace, reconciliation, and patriotism among the people, who are eternal hatred and strife?

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COTTON AND WEATHER.

COTTON, middling uplands, closed in Liverpool yesterday at 61 1/2d; in New York at 12 1/2d in Atlanta at 10 1/2d.

The Signal Service Bureau report indicates for to-day, in Georgia, clear weather, followed by increasing cloudiness, northeasterly winds, shifting to southerly, stationary or higher temperature, falling barometer.

Daily Weather Report.

Observe the following, New York, U. S. A.
EARLY HOUR, September 12, 10:31 A. M.
All observations taken at the same moment of actual time.

NAME OF STATION.

WEATHER.

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